

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."—Thomas Jefferson.

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NEW SERIES,

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W. Va. HARVEY SICKLER.

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fice in Bridge street, opposite Wall's Hotel, Tunk-
hannock, Pa.

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Graduate of the University of Penn'a.

Respectfully offers his professional services to the
citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity. He can be
found, when not professionally engaged, either at his
Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street.

D. R. J. C. CORSELIUS, HAVING LOCATED
AT THE FALLS, WILL promptly attend
all calls in the line of his profession—may be found
at the Falls Hotel, when not professionally absent.
Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

DR. J. C. BECKER & CO.,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wy-
oming that they have located at McChopany, where
they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of
their profession. May be found at his Drug Store
when not professionally absent.

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counties, that he continues his regular practice in the
various departments of his profession. May be found
at his office or residence, when not professionally ab-
sent.

Particular attention given to the treatment
of Chronic Diseases.

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WALL'S HOTEL,
LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,
TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted and
furnished in the latest style. Every attention
will be given to the comfort and convenience of those
patronizing the house.

T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,
MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

RILEY WARNER, Prop'r.

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above
Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to
render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for
all who may favor it with their custom.

September 11, 1861. RILEY WARNER.

MAYNARD'S HOTEL,
TUNKHANNOCK,
WYOMING COUNTY, PENNA.

JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of
Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley
Warner, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of
public patronage. The House has been thoroughly
refitted, and the comforts and accommodations of a
first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor
it with their custom. September 11, 1861.

M. GILMAN,

DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk-
hannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of this place and
surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-
FACTION.

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Pos-
t-office. Dec. 11, 1861.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
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For the Relief of the Sick & Distressed, afflicted with
Virulent and Chronic Diseases, and especially
for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

Medical advice given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon
Residence Reports on Spermatorrhoea or Semina
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sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelope free
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Fresh Ground Plaster in Quantities
and at prices to suit purchasers, now for sale at
Meshoppen by

L. MOWE JR.

Poet's Corner.

A PLAIN EPISTLE TO UNCLE ABE.

I have a message, Uncle Abe,
For your own private ear—
As I can't go to Washington,
And as you won't come here,—
I'm forced to put it into type,
With circumspection meek:
As bashful members often print
A speech they dare not speak.

My head is nigh bursting, Abe,
My very eye-balls throb,
To see what pesky work you make
About that little job,—
Which you, and Bill, and Horace G.,
Agreed so nice to do,
In less than "sixty days" from date—
Some twenty months ago!

We gave you heaps of soldiers, Abe,
To help you smite the foe;
A string of warriors that would reach
From here to Mexico.
We packed them off with spades to dig,
And trusty guns to shoot,
With haversacks to grace their backs,
And life and drums to boot.

You saw these mighty legions, Abe,
And heard their manly tread;
You counted hosts of living men,
Pray can you count the dead?
Look o'er the broad Potomac, Abe,
Virginia's hills along,
Their wakeful ghosts are beckoning you
Two hundred thousand strong.

We gave you several shillings, Abe,
To pay your little dues,
Enough to buy a dozen shirts,
And sundry pairs of shoes!
We gave you cattle, horses, mules,
And wagons—full a score;
And several cannon with a voice
Loud as a bull can roar!

Now what I'm after, Uncle Abe,
Is simply to find out,
What you have done with all this 'ere,
And what you've been about!
If unto Caesar you have given,
All that is his concern,
Then "Mrs. Caesar wants" to know
What you have done with her!

I know you're young and handsome, Abe,
And funny as my Pol,
A peer excited, great and high,
A rarer seven foot tall;
You're big enough, if only smart,
To manage all the gang;
And tho' a little green—you'll rise,
When you have got the hang!

You told us that the Loco, Abe,
Were rascals to the core,
Because they made so free a use
Of Uncle Samuel's store.
Full sixty millions in a year!—
Now wasn't it a sin
For Democrats to squander thus
The darling people's tin!

And are you not deserving, Abe,
Both gratitude and grub,
For having stopped this wicked leak
In Uncle Samuel's tub?
The sage who did this wondrous deed,
Is fit with saints to sup;
It only costs two billions more
To plug the vessel up!

You say the South had ruled us, Abe,
Some fifty years in peace,
And that the time had fully come
When their vile reign should cease;
That you were to take the helm
The sinking ship to save,
And put her on another tack—
And—I really thank you have!

You're out of luck, entirely, Abe,
The engine's off the track;
The boiler's burst, and there you are,
A sprawling on your back!
The excelsior man is at the door,
Contractors cry for pelf;
You're blind and stupid, deaf and lame,
Nor very well yourself.

Your cabinet is feeble, Abe,
And dull as any dunce;
And if you have an ounce of brains,
You'll ship them off at once;
Send Stanton to the Chase Isles,
Give Welles and Fessie the sack,
Swap Halleck for a Hottentot,
And send for Little Mao!

I know you tell us, Uncle Abe,
This is a mighty war;
And that the job is rather more
Than what you bargained for!
That you have done the best you could
To make the rebels rue it,
And if you know what next to do,
You'd go right off and do it!

Now that's the very thing, Abe,
That makes this din and clatter;
You don't appear to "see," Abe,
And that's what's the matter!
The nigger's in the wood-pile, Abe,
As shy as any trout;
So you think the Proclamation, Abe,
Will smother the weasel out!

You want to free the darkies, Abe,
At least, I so construe it;
The difficulty seems to be
To find out how to do it.
The way, dear Abe, is mighty dark,
And both someone to see;
I fear you'll have to give it up,
And let the darkies be.

I tell you what it is, Abe,
The folks begin to think
This colored sop is rather staid
For victuals or for drink.
Our mothers love their absent sons,
Our wives their husbands true,
But no one cares a mouldy fig
For Cuffy or for you.

Select Story.

THE WITCHCRAFT OF MERCY O'MORE.

AN IRISH STORY.

A breathing creature was Mercy O'More.
From the Giant's Causeway to the Cape
Clear, from Connemara to the Hill of Howth,
you would not meet with another such dear,
delightful, clever, captivating darling. All
the boys of high estate, rich and poor, ac-
knowledged the fascinations of Miss Mercy,
and no one was ever known to be thrown in-
to any other than an ecstatic state when
Miss Mercy favored him with a smile of that
dear, delightful, dimpled face of hers! Oh,
it was quite enchanting to have such a smile
beamed upon him. Talk of sun! There
never was a ray from that glorious luminary
that fell so warm upon the heart of created
man as a smile from the face of Mercy O'-
More. There was a man who declared that
upon his heart Miss Mercy had made no im-
pression; and people said, in consequence,
that he had no heart at all, but he had, and
a pretty good one, too, as the sequel will
show. It happened, too, that this very iden-
tical young gentleman with a hard heart, or
a heart with a low covering, was the only
one whom Mercy herself had fallen in love
with.

"Well, Florence, darling," said Sir Maurice
O'More, one day to Mercy's sister, "and
so you believe that our beauty is fast caught
in love; and in love, too, with that unloving
Englisher, Harry Percival?"

"I do, indeed," was the reply.
"And what makes you think so?"

"I can interpret downcast eyes and gen-
tle sighs, I warrant. 'Sister,' said I to-day,
'sweet sister, what think you of the gay
young bachelor, our visitor?' 'A goodly
man enough,' said she; and then 'heigho!
heigho!' she sighed. Do you mark that!—
'That goodly man,' said I, 'will make some
pretty maiden's heart ache! I do not doubt
he will,' she straight replied, and then she
turned the leaves of many books, but
nothing pleased her there; she tried her pen-
cil, too, but after making many crooked lines,
and nothing else, she blamed the unskillful
maker of the crayon, and snapped it in a pet;
her gay guitar, she said, was out of tune;
and then her harp, alas! She swept her fin-
gers over the strings, but the only music
they made was the echo of her sigh."

"And from this," said Sir Maurice, "you
infer that she loves? Well—well, time will
show."

It is possible that Harry Percival may
have felt the soft passion creeping upon him,
and not wishing to become a Benedict, he
resolved upon flying from the dangerous
neighborhood of Mercy O'More. Certain it
is that he called to him his man, Barney, a
gentleman, who officiated in various capaci-
ties, valet included, and ordered him to pack
up all his "traps," for, "said he, 'Barney,
we leave this place to-morrow morning."

"Sure you won't," said Barney.
"Sure I will," responded Harry Percival.
"They want to persuade me that I'm in love
with Mercy O'More."

"And you could do worse than be in love
with her," said Barney.
"Could I?" said his master, "but I don't
happen to be in the mind just at present to
do anything so desperate. I'm not to be
caught with her beautiful bit of the blarney."

"Don't you be talking of the blarney,
master," replied the faithful domestic.—
"Mayhap, you haven't been rubbed upon the
blarney stone yourself! By my con-
science, I've heard you whispering such
things into the ears of the English girl, that
St. Patrick himself couldn't beat, with the
blarney-stone, at the back of him."

"Hush, Barney; no tale-telling out of
school."
"Say fie to yourself, master. Isn't it
yourself that's libelling the red cheeks and
bright eyes (blessings on 'em) of Miss Mer-
cy? Ah, master! whenever I catch a
twinkle of those eyes, I feel a great-coat
warmer all the day after. Och, such eyes!
such diamonds!"

"Irish diamonds, eh?" said his master.
"No, sir, the genuine! Then such cheeks!
Red and white, laid on by the hands of La-
dy Nature herself, round about, like the
cherrybills heads at church. Then her lips!
Och! her lips that's motheration!"

"You are romantic, Barney," said his mas-
ter.
"You may say that," was the reply; "I'm
just the boy for that same."
"Well," ejaculated Percival, suppressing
a smile, "by this time to-morrow, Barney,
you and I will be on the high road!"

"To matrimony, sir?"
"No, sirrah, to England."
"You'd better be merciful and lead Mer-
cy to the altar."
"And tie myself up in a halter, afterwards.
No, no, I'm not bound for the gulf of matrim-
ony yet."

Thus saying, Harry turned round, and per-
ceived a tall and lantern-visaged young
gentleman, whom he heard breathe a heavy
sigh, hanging down his head.
"Halloo!" cried Harry, "who are you?"
The stranger heaved another heavy sigh.
"Aro you dumb, sir?" asked Harry.

The stranger shook his head.
"What ails you? Speak?"
The stranger heaved another heavy sigh,
and, exclaiming, "Mercy O'More!" hastily
retired.

"Poor unfortunate gentleman!" exclaimed
Harry. "What a vixen this Mercy must
be! A fury incarnate! Prosperine in a
satin petticoat. I wish I was a thousand
miles off!"

Turning again, he beheld one of the wild-
est, prettiest, most good natured looking lit-
tle flower girls he had ever encountered, who
dropped a modest curtsy, and was passing
onward, when Harry caught her apron, and
asked what her name was?

"Kathleen, if you please, sir," repeated
the girl. "Kathleen the flower-girl, if you
please; who gathers blossoms from hill and
dale, for the gratification of her customers.
Will you buy? Here are roses and lilies;
but they are for the gentle and the good."

"Am I not good?" asked Harry.
"Law, no; you're a man. Here is a
heart-ease for the forlorn lover; will you
buy? And here are some pretty tulips; do
you love tulips?"

"Your tulips, of all the world, my pretty
Kathleen."
"Law!" cried the girl, blushing and sim-
pering. "They may suit you, for you are as
bright as the butterfly!"

"Am I like a butterfly?" exclaimed Harry
Percival.
"Why, no; not quite so pretty," was the
reply.

"Eh! my dear wench," said Harry. "I
should like to be better acquainted with you."
"Should you, indeed! Well, that's very
kind, for nobody thinks of any pretty girl
now but Mercy O'More. I was once a beau-
tiful, sir."

"And are you not still—still—still most
beautiful?"
"Ah, that's flattery!" said the girl.—
"But the young men all thought the same
once. Before Miss Mercy came into the
neighborhood, I was the loveliest, happiest,
and gayest of girls; everybody envied me,
for I was universally beloved. I had then
twenty lovers and a half—real ones, too."

"Twenty and a half!" cried Harry.
"Yes. The half one was Cormac O'Casey,
a very good natured bit of a man, rather ten-
der here, sir, (touching her forehead.) Na-
ture in creating him had made a sad mistake,
and transferred the soft place from the heart
to the head. He never told his love, but
only used to squeeze my hand when he bo't
a posy, and sigh shockingly—"Oh dear! oh
dear!"

"And did that merciless Mercy rob you
of all these?"
"Ah, she did. There's not a lover can be
kept from her."
"It is very strange," said Harry Percival,
that for her capricious smiles they should
have forsaken the pretty Kathleen."

"Isn't it, sir. There must have been some
witchery in it, for they all of them, on their
bended knees, swore they loved me dearly.
Ah, those were happy times, when, the day's
labor being ended, I selected one from my
many suitors, to accompany me in a moon-
light ramble, among the hills and valleys,
glades and glens, by wood and lake; each
seemed a paradise, and I the presiding spirit!
And when the sun was sinking behind the
distant hills, its last glories were accompa-
nied by the music of my beloved."

"Ah!" cried Harry, "a guitar?"
"No; a jewsharp. He played so sweetly
that my spirit wept, as the divine melody
fell upon my young heart; and when the
great round moon arose, our hearts were en-
tranced with bliss."

"I see it!" cried the enraptured youth.—
"I picture the romantic scene—earth, Heav-
en and water; moonlight, paradise, and a
jewsharp! Oh, delightful!"
"Yes, very; except when a shower of
rain visited us; and then my lover would run
away."

"Run away! Now, can there be a man
on earth so vile? Run away from such a
simple innocent girl as Kathleen! Kathleen,
that man was a villain."
"Was he indeed?"
"Kathleen, your charms, your innocence,
your delightful simplicity, entitle you to a
suitor of superior rank. Mercy O'More has
not one half of your attraction. She is pre-
cious ugly!"

"I am not precious ugly, am I?" asked the
flower girl.
"You—you!"—cried Harry; "No! you
are all perfection; you are—you—are—
Zounds—I feel ill!"

"Do you feel ill?"
"Ill? Yes—no, not ill, my dear; but I
have the heartburn sadly."
"Shall I fetch you a little chalk and wa-
ter?"
"O no; the only medicine that can effect
my cure lies deep in those lovely eyes; let
me gaze on them until my own dull orbs
shall draw it forth."
"O, sir!" cried Kathleen, blushing deeply.
"Let me gaze and gaze again," exclaimed
Harry. "Tis thus I would fortify myself
against the witchcraft of Mercy O'More."

himself upon having discovered one of the
purest, most artless and unsophisticated girls
in the world. He was already half in love
with her, and before they parted he had made
Kathleen to promise to meet him again.
Presently afterwards Barney arrived with in-
telligence that all his master's moveables
were packed and ready for departure. "Un-
pack them, again," said Harry Percival; and
Barney, wondering at his master's fickleness,
retired to obey the new orders. A fortnight
passed, and Percival had grown more reserved
in his behaviour to Mercy O'More; and he
stole out evening, after tea, to meet the pret-
ty Kathleen, with whom he was so much en-
amored that he at length resolved to marry
her.

"I am going to get married," said he one
day to Sir Maurice O'More.
"Is it possible?" said the baronet.
"I knew I should surprise you. You will
be more surprised when I name Mrs. Harry
Percival elect. I am resolved to do justice
to modest merit, Sir Maurice; for what is
fortune given to us for, but that we may be-
stow it in rewarding virtue and goodness?"

Sir Maurice admitted the justice of the
enthusiast's opinion.
"And, therefore, I intend to marry Kath-
leen Nolan, a poor, but beautiful peasant,
whom I adore."

Sir Maurice expressed a wish to see the
charmer; and Percival promised to bring her
the next night. "But," he added, "be sure
and keep Mercy out of the way; for she would
laugh at me."

And on the next evening the charmer was
conducted into a little private parlor at Sir
Maurice O'More's and there the lover, the
lady and the baronet spent a very pleasant
half hour. Percival had made Sir Maurice
acknowledge that Kathleen was more beau-
tiful than his daughter Mercy, though Sir Mau-
rice qualified the admission by declaring it to
be his opinion that he had seen Mercy, when
she used to dress her hair in a profusion of
ringlets, look quite as beautiful as her rival.
But Percival insisted that it was quite im-
possible that Mercy could look like Kathleen,
or talk so fascinatingly as Kathleen, or be
half so loveable as Kathleen. And then it
occurred to the lover that it was time to de-
part, and he said as much; but Kathleen did
not stir from her seat.

"Come Kathleen," at last he said, "we
must go."
"O, no; not just yet," she replied, in a tone
more fascinating than anything Percival had
ever before heard, even from her lips; and
running her fingers over the strings of Mer-
cy's harp that stood near her, she played one
of the national melodies with such delightful
expression, that Percival seized her hand,
and kissing it ardently, cried aloud that he
was the happiest man in the world; and Sir
Maurice said that he ought to be.

"You do love me a little?" asked Kathleen,
archly.
"Love you?" cried Percival, "to distract-
ion! to madness!"
"Then," said Kathleen, "suppose we ring
the bell, and let sister Florence come in to
witness our happiness!"
"What!" cried Percival.
"What!" echoed Sir Maurice.

Kathleen removed the clustering curls
from her cheeks and brow, and displacing
some marks which she had penciled upon her
countenance, was discovered to be no other
than Mercy O'More herself, who had hit up-
on this method of winning the heart of the
man she loved.

Need we add that the bell was rung in
compliance with Kathleen's request, and that
Florence came in to witness the happiness of
her beloved sister; and that Mercy relinquish-
ed her right and title to the ancient and hon-
orable name of O'More, within a month, at
the nuptial altar?

JACK TAR'S YARNS.—How Jack Fiddle
Rode a Sreak o' Lightwing!—Two sailors
were once spinning yarns, when one said that
when his ship was sailing on the Gold Coast,
the weather was so hot it was no uncommon
thing for the doctor to boil the dinner by
merely setting the pot out in the sun! That
is very likely, said the other, for once when
I was sailing in a high northern latitude, the
weather grew so cold that even our voices
froze before the sound of them was given out.
The captain tried his speaking trumpet in
vain, and we had to work the ship by signs,
like dummies, (meaning dumb people.)
What was most remarkable, however, when
we got far enough south for a thaw, those
very words that we spoke, together with the
captain's blowings through the trumpet,
began to sound, and such a mixed up hulla-
baloo you never heard in all your born days!
That was very queer, said the first speaker;
but did I ever tell you of Jack Fiddle's ride
on a streak of lightning? You see lightning
is so common in those low latitudes that no
sailor is afeared on't. One day when Jack
was aloft helping to reef the sky-sail, as a
storm was brewing, a streak of lightning
struck the yard on which Jack stood, taking
him off his feet, carrying him down one of
the main halliards with a run, and so overboard.
I seed him go down astride that streak o'
lightning as plain as I see you now. We throw-
ed him a buoy, and when he was drawn to be
burnt out just as clean as though they'd been
cut with a knife! An' what's very singular,
his skin wasn't scarcely scorched!

Communication.

EXETER, April 8th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—

Through the medium of
the Democrat I desire to present a few facts
with my sentiments concerning the war, its
origin, its objects and the manner in which
it is prosecuted, being, of course, personally
responsible for my communications, as I write
my own views.

Judging by the popular speeches, res-
olutions and actions of Republicans, I sin-
cerely believe the great objects of their party
were to revolutionize the Government or di-
vide the Union. I am aware that this charge
is a grave one against any great party. It is
one that should not be lightly made. But
does not the following declarations justify
the charge? Wendell Phillips of Massachu-
setts has declared.

"We confess that we intend to trample
under foot the Constitution of this country."
Daniel Webster says: "You are a law-abiding
people; that the glory of New England is,
that it is a law abiding community." Shame
on it if it is true; if the religion of New
England sinks as low as its statute-book.—
But I say we are not a law-abiding commu-
nity. God be thanked for it!"

When this was enunciated it was said that
Phillips had no public position—that he
spoke no representative voice. He was a
plain single citizen, and to his opinion no
weight should be attached. But who is Mr.
Seward? He was Senator from New York,
(now Secretary of State,) who openly pro-
claimed revolution, and created a party in
the free States, pledged to a war on the pec-
uliar institutions of the South. He claimed
that Congress had the power to regulate sla-
very in the Territories, and in his speech in
1850, said, "The Constitution regulates our
stewardship. The Constitution devotes the
domain to union, to justice, to defense, to
welfare, to liberty. But there is a higher
law than the Constitution, which regulates
our authority over the domain and devotes
it to the same noble purposes."

When this was proclaimed from his high
place in the Senate, full unbridled license
was preached, and slavery was to be destroy-
ed at all hazards. The sentiment which
broke from Wendell Phillips was endorsed in
high places. The Whig party was at once
dissolved, and an organization at once cre-
ated solely on the slavery question. But com-
ment is unnecessary. I will give incontro-
vertible evidence from the declarations of their
most prominent leaders to substantiate my
position.

Mr. Mann who stood prominent in the party
liberally declared:
"I have only to add, under a full sense of
my responsibility to my country and my
God, I deliberately say, better disunion, bet-
ter a civil or servile war, better anything, than
God in His Providence shall send, than an
extension of the bonds of Slavery."

Mr. Burlingame, in the House of Repre-
sentatives, in a speech in August, 1851, said:
"The times demand that we should have
an ANTI-SLAVERY CONSTITUTION, AN ANTI-
SLAVERY BIBLE, AND AN ANTI-SLAVERY GOD."
These atrocious sentiments were endorsed
by the great body of the Republican party
by electing their authors to the highest hon-
ors of the country. Now, I ask the purpose
and objects of the party to be judged by no
other rule